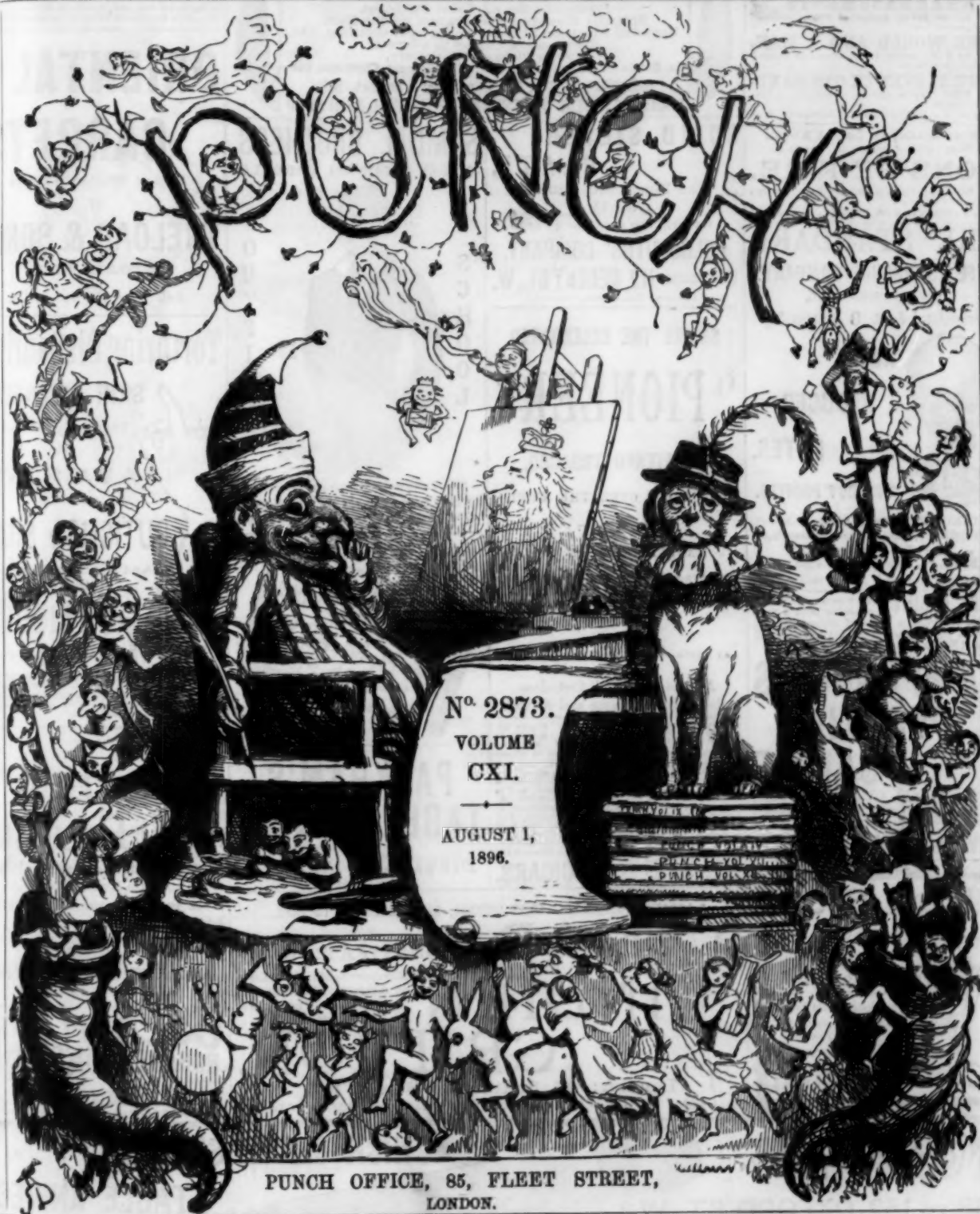


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'GRANDPA, DEAR—IF I WERE YOU I'D SAY 'THAT BOY LOOKS THIN AND PALE!' AND I'D GET HIM A PONY.'

REAL HOLIDAY THOUGHTS.

IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE

PREPOSTEROUS of guard to put more than one person in a second-class carriage in weather like this. Yet if I had tipped him, he would have looked it like a shot. Railway company ought to put down such bare-faced corruption. Rather wish I had tipped him, now.

Anyhow, it is consoling to think that my Gladstone bag, on the seat beside me—and which I shall not move—makes that jackass who has just got in thoroughly uncomfortable.

My moral right to turn an ordinary compartment into a private saloon carriage would be recognised by every traveller who was really a gentleman.

Why that selfish, long-legged idiot opposite me, who looks like a half-starved "scorcher," won't keep his splay feet under his seat so as to allow me room to stretch my legs, I can't imagine.

Papers are cheap, so I shan't offer that consumptive-looking female in the corner one of mine. She should get one for herself.

Wish I hadn't accepted this invitation to those stupid bores, my Folkestone cousins, for a "fortnight at the sea-side." They ought to be jolly grateful for my condescension in visiting them.

In going through that long tunnel, I of course put up my window, but people at other end left theirs open! Lazy smoke-cured pigs!

By her movements I am positive that the lady with all the packages is going to get out at the next station. Must be

deeply occupied with a leading article, or I shall be obliged to soil my hands and make myself still hotter by opening the door for her.

The corner youth has brought out sandwiches and a flask! Why can't his master arrange to keep him at school all the holidays—with canings twice a day? What humbug it is giving boys any holidays!

Guard (the beast!) has shoved in a rank third-classer at last moment! I admire the democracy in the abstract, of course, but that does not prevent my thinking them loathsome and disgusting nuisances in the concrete. Thank heaven! He has taken his seat next to the consumptive female, not to me.

(At the end.) How completely inconsiderate it was of any of the people who have been my travelling companions today ever coming into existence at all!

Con. for a Cricketer.

MISS NELLY sits cool in the cricketer's booth, And watches the game, about which, in good sooth,

Her curious interest ne'er ceases. She now wants to know of the flannel-clad youth, However the wickets can well be kept smooth,

When she hears they are always in creases!

NOTE BY OUR MAN OF TOWN.—Watering places—resorts where the visitor is pumped dry.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Man-about-Town is enthralled by a Clergyman's Daughter at a Country Fête.

For me no damsel prone to frown
On simple manners, country ways,
Whose chief delight is life in Town,
And Bond Street goal of all her days!
Whose knowledge of all sylvan scenes
Is bounded by the Goodwood boughs,
And deems seafaring pleasure means
To lounge upon the Lawn at Cowes.

Give me the girl bred up like you,
Beneath a Rectory's peaceful shade,
With many friends, yet known to few,
The model of an English maid!
Demure, not prim, beloved by all,
By instinct good, by nature kind,
The belle of every county ball,
Yet dear to every village hind!

How quaint to watch your artless airs
When circled round by ardent swains!
Your modesty disarms their stares,
Their compliments are empty strains!
I do not blame their boorish bliss,
'Tis meet that such a farce should be,
Since I've the greatest joy in this—
Your sweetest smiles are kept for me!

Too well, Blue Eyes, I understand
The glances from those bashful orbs.
You're treading on a sinking sand
That quakes and shivers, then absorbs.
Ah! little innocent, too late
The truth you'll know, but never rue.
I vow I cannot overrate
The interest I take in you.

"What Jones!" (a brutal Army thing).
"So glad!" (of him I hate the sight).
"Yes! come to hear FLO FANTAIL sing
'Miss Peccadillo's Last Good Night!'
"Which is the songstress?" "There she is!"

Not seen her? Why, she's all the rage!"

"That lady there?" "Yes! A l. biz."
"A parson's daughter on the stage!"

AVIS AUX VOYAGEURS.—In anticipation of the installation of the Premier as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, the Hotel at Dover, named after this puissant marine official, has been renovated, beautified, done up entirely, and thus saved from being "done up" altogether, by the Gordon Hollanders (Limited). The Messieurs HOLLAND—the amiable pair representing nominally the Double Dutchmen—are now in command of the coast at Margate, Dover, and, for ought we know, several other points. Of course, the chief cook in each of their seaside hotels is a *Gordon Bleu*.

A POSSIBLE CHANGE OF NAME.

[It is stated that during Goodwood Week Chichester becomes the rendez-vous of the worst scoundrels in the kingdom.]

SHAME that this old cathedral town
Should swarm with rogues, who come to pester!
'Twould ill become its fair renown
If Chichester were dubbed Cheatchester.

MOTTO FOR A FLAGELLATING SCHOOLMASTER.—Semper hidem.

A ROYAL GRANT.—The Secretary of the R. Y. S.



DOCTOR BISMARCK.

The Doctor. "HUM! LOOKS NICE! BUT—I'VE GOT NO PATIENTS NOW."

[*"Prince BISMARCK has been made Doctor Medicinæ Honoris Causâ by the University of Jena."*—*Daily Papers.*]



OVER THE TRACES.

Mrs. Poyers. "NOW THEN, PETER, JUMP OUT AND PUT THAT TRACE AND REIN RIGHT! LOOK SHARP, TOO!"

[Peter wishes to goodness he had bought his Wife an Autocar instead of that tricky Tandem.]

WORK AND WAGES.

(Some Thoughts on Patriotism, Poverty, and Pay, suggested by the pitiful story of Mary Ould, of Peckham.)

"I have to buy my own material and pay my fare (2d.) in fetching and carrying back work. I worked till ten o'clock at night from Saturday to Thursday, and at 3d. per coat earned 3s."—Evidence of Mary Ould, of Peckham, tailoress, before Judge Emden at Lambeth County Court.]

Most learned economists, sages serene,
Who enlighten the State on Supply and Demand,
Such facts form a fine object lesson, which seen,
And fairly thought out, may astonish the land;
Your fine-spun abstractions a sedative prove
To such as can scarce see the thing through the sign;
But flesh-and-blood facts rather roughly remove
The idea that your "law" is scarce less than divine.
Ninepence a dozen, three farthings per coat,
For buttonhole work which may take you an hour
For each garment! It fetches a lump to the throat—
Unless stern-faced Science has rendered you dour.
Picture the place out at Peckham where sits
That poor MARY OULD with her needle and thread!
She must envy the fly which at liberty flits;
She must envy the darksome repose of the dead.
The clothes-maker "has to cut things very fine,"
And fine does he cut them in truth, and, indeed,
As fine as the almost invisible line
Between death and such life as the needle-slaves lead.
Conceive the dull room and the piled tale of work
To be drugged at all day, slowly lessening down
As the morning glow fades into evening's grey murk;
And five days of such labour may earn—half-a-crown!
And these are the coats worn in "JAMESON'S Raid!"
Glory to-day must be gained "on the cheap."
Like "heroes" we fight—in the interests of trade,
And trade pays its servants like this! Blood will leap
To the cheek at the thought that our soldiers are clad

At the cost of our white woman-slaves in such way.
With patriot fervour the idle go mad,
Sleek wealth does the shouting, poor toilers the pay!
Short sighted sentiment vainly essays
With rose-water sprinkling to sweeten foul lives.
Life is not moulded by lyrical lays,
Compassion with commerce half hopelessly strives.
But is there no heart in old England rebels
Against starving our toilers to feed full our glory?
There's surely no patriot bosom but swells
With anger and grief at poor MARY OULD's story.

PLAYING WITH COLD WATER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—May I make a suggestion? During the hot weather, why should not those of our dramatic companies still sojourning in London remove from their present quarters to the swimming baths? There would be plenty of room to rig up a stage, and the audience, appropriately garbed, might watch the performance from the tank. When a play became wearisome the spectators could take a dive, but plunges, of course, would only be allowed between the acts. Yours sincerely,

A PITITE IN A MELTING MOOD.

P.S.—With the thermometer at ninety something in the shade, I may insist that only managers need keep their heads above water.

THE MAIL SERVICE TO NEW YORK.—The New York correspondent of the *Times* takes the British Post Office officials to task for sending mails by slow boat *Britannic* when "the *St. Paul* would have delivered them two days earlier." Evidently the *St. Paul* ought to be the boat for carrying "epistles."

PRINCE BISMARCK has been made "Doctor Medicinæ Honoris Causâ" by the University of Jena. Will he now be called on by prescriptive right to advise the Emperor as to the "Diet"?

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XIX.

Mr. Jabberjee tries a fresh tack. His visit to the India Office and sympathetic reception.

In my last I had the honour to report the total non-success of my endeavour to nill my betrothal on plea of astrological ob-



"Pitch it strong, my respectable Sir."

jections, and how I was consequentially up the tree of Embarrassment.

I have since resolved that honesty is my best politics, and have confessed to Miss MANKELETOV in a well-expressed curt letter that I am only the possessor of a courtesy title, and, so far from rolling on the rosy bed of unlimited rhino, am out of elbows, and dependent upon parental remittances for pin-money.

For corroboration of said statements I begged to refer her politely to my benevolent friend and patron, Hon'ble Sir CUMMERBUND, Nevorn Square, South Kensington; to whom I simultaneously wrote a private and confidential note, instructing him that if any young female person was to inquire particulars of my birth, origin, &c., he was to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, especially making it clear that I was neither a tip-top Rajah, nor a Leviathan of filthy lucre.

The rest (up to present date) is silence; but I have confident hopes that the manly, straightforward stratagem suggested by

my friend, young HOWARD, will accomplish the job, and procure me the happy release.

I am now to pass to a different subject—to wit, a visit I paid some time since to the India Office. The why of the wherefore was that, in conversation with the ALLBUTT-INNETTS, I had boasted freely of the credit I was in with certain high grade India Official nobs, who could refuse me nothing.

Which was hitherto the positive fact, since I had never requested any favour at their hands.

But Mrs. ALLBUTT-INNETT stated that she had heard that the reception-soirées at said India Office were extremely enjoyable and classy, and inquired whether I possessed sufficient influence to obtain for her tickets of admission to one of these select entertainments.

Naturally I had to reply that I could indubitably do the trick, and would at once proceed to the India Office and interview one of the senior clerks, who regarded me as his brother.

So, after procuring a *Whitaker Almanack*, and hunting up the name of one of the most senior, I cabbied to Whitehall. Inside the entrance I found an attendant sitting at a table absorbed in reading, who rose and inquired my business, and upon my statement that I desired to see Mr. BREAKWATER, Esq., on urgent business, courteously directed me up a marble staircase, at the top of which was a second attendant, also engaged in brown study—for the attendants appear to be laudably addicted to the cultivation of their minds.

He informed me that I should find Mr. BREAKWATER's room down a certain corridor, and proceeding thither, I stopped a clerk who was hurrying along with his hands full of documents, and represented that I had come for an immediate interview with Mr. BREAKWATER on highly important matters.

He demanded incredulously whether Mr. BREAKWATER expected me.

This elevated my monkey, and I retorted, haughtily, that I was the bosom friend of said Mr. B., who would be overjoyed to receive me, and, following him into a room, I peremptorily demanded that he should inform his master without fail that Baboo JABBERJEE was there.

Whereupon, with the nonchalance of a Jack in an office, he rang a bell and desired an attendant to usher me to the waiting-room.

There, in a large gloomy apartment, surrounded by portraits of English and Native big pots, I did sit patiently sucking the golden nob of my umbrella for a quarter of an hour, until the attendant returned, saying, that Mr. BREAKWATER could see me now, and presently showed me into the aforesaid private room, where, behind a large table covered with wicker baskets containing dockets and memoranda, *et hoc genus omne*, sat the very gentleman whom I had recently taken for his own underling!

Formerly I should have proffered abject excuses, but I am now sufficiently up in British observances to know that the only necessary is a frank and breezy apology.

So, disguising my bashful confusion, I said, "I am awfully sorry that I took you, my dear old chap, for a common ordinary fellow; but remember the proverb, that 'appearances are deceitful,' and do not reveal a thin skin about a rather natural mistake."

Mr. BREAKWATER courteously entreated me not to mention the affair, but to state my business briefly. Accordingly I related how I was a native Bengalee student, at present moving Heaven and Earth to pass Bar Exam, and my intimate connection with the distinguished Bayawater family of the ALLBUTT-INNETTS, who were consumed with longing for free tickets to an official *soirée*. I then described the transcendent charms of Miss WEE-WEE, and my own ardent desire to obtain her grateful recognition by procuring the open sesame for self and friends. Furthermore, I pointed out that, as an official in the India Office, he was in *loco parentis* to myself, and bound to indulge all my reasonable requests, and I assured him that if he exhibited generosity on this occasion, the entire ALLBUTT-INNETT family, self included, would ever pray on the crooked hinges of knees for his temporal and spiritual welfare.

He heard me benignantly, but said he regretted that it was not in his power to oblige me.

"You are not to suppose," I said, "that I am a native TOM-DICK or HARRY. I am a B.A. of Calcutta University, and candidate for call to Bar. *In additum*, I am the literary celebrity, being especially retained to jot and tittle for the periodical of *Punch*."

Mr. BREAKWATER assured me earnestly that he fully appreciated my many distinguished claims, but that he was under an impossibility of granting my petition for an invite to the annual

summer *soirée*, owing to the fact that aforesaid festivity was already the *fait accompli*.

"How is that?" I exclaimed. "Have I not read in the daily press of a grand *durbur* to be given shortly in honour of Hon'ble HUNG CHANG?"

"But that is at the Foreign Office," he objected; "we have no connection with such a concern."

"The Foreign Office would be better than nullity," I said. "I will tell you what to do. Write me a letter to show to the head of the Foreign Office. You can state that you have known me intimately for a long time, and that I am deserving of patronage. Hint, for instance, that it is impolite to show favouritism to one Oriental (such as a Chinese) rather than another, and that you will regard any kindness done to me as the personal favour to yourself. Pitch it strong, my respectable Sir!"

He, however, protested that any recommendation from him would be a *brutum fulmen*.

"You are too modest, honoured Sir!" I told him, seeing that flattery was requisite; "but I am not the ignoramus of how highly your character and virtues are esteemed, and I can assure you that you are not so contemptible a nonentity as you imagine. Listen to me; I am now to go to the Foreign Office, and shall there assume the liberty of mentioning your distinguished name as a reference."

With benevolent blandness he accorded me full permission to go where I liked, and say anything I chose, recommending me warmly to depart immediately.

Seeing him so well-disposed, I ventured, on taking my leave, to pat his shoulder in friendly facetiousness, and to say, "It is all right, old boy. Remember, I have complete *bond fides* in your ability to work the oracle for me successfully." Which rendered him *sotto voce* with gratification.

But slack! at the Foreign Office, after stating my business and sitting like Patience on a Monument for two immortal hours, I was officially informed that the Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was not in, and that all the Private and Under Secretaries were equally invisible.

This, I must respectfully submit, is not exactly the correct style to conduct a first-class Empire!

THE CELEBRILET AT HOME.

(A Literary Interview—Latest Style.)

It was with awe and reverence that your interviewer climbed the topmost staircase of a certain house in Bayswater, and with a shortness of breath, due not only to the length of the ascent, but to the consciousness that in a few moments he would be standing in the presence of perhaps the greatest genius of the age. Barely seven years old, Master TOMMY TITTLERAT has already electrified the world by his matchless lyrics, and his "Rocking-Horse Rides" and "Dejection: a Sonnet on the absence of Jam at Tea," are already familiar as household words.

At the top of the staircase stands a beautifully carved wicket-gate, which serves at once to exclude the tumultuous rush of editors who come to clamour for contributions, and also to prevent Master TITTLERAT, in an excess of poetic zeal, from attempting to slide down the banisters. At my approach, however, the portal was flung open, and, escorted by a polite nursery-maid, I was ushered into the sacred shrine of the Muse, the nursery wherein the seven-year-old poet resides. A glance round the room suffices to assure you of the artistic taste of its occupier. On the walls hang some truly exquisite works of art, extracted from the Christmas numbers of the illustrated papers. Even more precious are certain other sketches scattered about the room, for these are richly coloured by Master TITTLERAT himself, and reveal the fact that you are in the home of a painter as well as of a poet.

I had barely time to glance at these, when a succession of loud yells from an adjoining apartment told me that the poet was close at hand, and, apparently, that he was vexed by one of those trifling worries which a highly-strung temperament feels so severely. From the fragments of dialogue that reached me, he seemed to be arguing a point with some vehemence. "I *shan't*, Eliza! . . . I tell you I *shan't*!" . . . "Hush, Master TOMMY—going on like that with a gentleman to see you and all!"

At this moment the door was flung open, and Master TITTLERAT appeared. Disdaining the formalities of an introduction, he began:—

"I'm a genius—the *Daily Chronicle* says I'm a genius—and



AMBIGUITY.

Scene—A HIGHLAND FERRY.

Tourist. "BUT WE PAID YOU SIXPENCE EACH AS WE CAME OVER, AND YOU SAID THE SAME FARE WOULD BRING US BACK."

Skipper. "WELL, WELL, AND I TELLED YE NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH, AN' IT'LL BE NO MORE THAN THE SAME FARE I'M WANTIN' THE NOO FOR BRINGIN' YE BACK."

yet they wont let me go on the Serpentine by myself and be a pirate! Have you," he added, brushing away a not unmanly tear, "got such a thing as a chocolate about you?"

I regretted that I could not oblige him, and endeavoured to turn the conversation by inquiring about his literary works.

"Oh, I've done lots of new poems—lots," he answered. "One about a lead soldier whom I squashed; and one about a caterpillar, only it wouldn't rhyme properly. And then there's one all about papa. He calls me 'a little prig,' you know, so I've written a sat—no, a sat—What's the proper word?"

"A satire?" I suggested.

"Yes, that's it—all about him, and it's going to be printed in the *Twinkler*. Won't he be wild, just!" And the poet danced with the delight of anticipation.

"Any more?" I asked.

"Well, I was just thinking one about Eliza, but it's not done. I wish I could write it with ink, but ink does make such messy blobs, you see. It begins like this:—

"I don't like not enough butter

Upon my bread,

I don't like having to stop playing

And go to bed;

But if you want to know

What I like least,

It's the nurse with the fuzzy hair they call ELIZA—

I hate the beast!"

"Master TOMMY!" cried the indignant young woman, "come away at once. You shall go to bed this instant. Using language like that about me to the gentleman, indeed!"

And thereupon, in spite of his well-directed kicking, she carried off the poet by the scruff of his neck, and the interview came to a close.



THE HAT OF THE PERIOD.

Hyde Park Loafers. "WANT A GARD'NER, MISS?"

AMIENS' SONG AT THE HAYMARKET.

UNDER the BEERBOHM TREE
'Twas fine to see Tril-by,
And hear the mellow note
From DOROTHEA's throat.
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall you see
A Seen-ga-h
Time cannot stale or wither!

But TREE's ambition's grown
To have a house—his own—
Where he can play with ease
Great parts, and greatly please.
SHAKESPEARE, go thither, thither!
There shall you see
Our BEERBOHM TREE
As *Hamlet* in high feather!

If that do come to pass
Our TREE will be first-class,
Risking his wealth and ease
The Public for to please.
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame!
There shall you see
Our BEERBOHM TREE
Match the Lyceum's fame!

* An invocation to call playgoers into a (dress) circle.

AN oppressed-by-the-heat poet, "a second *Dried'un*," writes thus:

"Thirty days hath September,
August, June, July. Remember."

But at present he can't get beyond July.
"Drink, pretty creature, drink."

AN ENCORE VERSE.

(To Poe's Poem of "The Bells.")

HEAR the blatant scorchers' bells!—
Biking bells!—
What a tale of torment tintinnabulant
each tells!
On the air of day and night,
How they fill us with affright!
For we never know the way the things
are coming, left or right.
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
All about and all around!
She who vends the "pennywinkle,"
They who "watercoases" sprinkle,
Call 'em brown—though they are yellow—
And their merits blare and bellow,
Have a less cacophonous sound.
Keeping time—erratic time
(Like to ALFRED AUSTIN's rhyme).
How they come in phantom hosts,
Like a lot of "scorching" ghosts!
How they burst from shadowy nooks
Like to pedal-pounding spooks,
On the elderly pedestrian all alone!
And the people, ah! the people,
Who come spinning down the steep hill.
And feel glory in a broken limb or dislocated bone
When belonging to a "duffer,"
Or a mere non-biking "buffer"!
Oh, those bells, how much we suffer
From their squealing
When the inconsiderate idiot devotes
himself to "wheeling."
Oh, those bells!
And the hideous yahoo yells!
Shout *plus* tintinnabulation which un-
musically swells
From the bounders who are sounders
Of the blaring bikers' bells,
Of the bells
Oh, the discumbobulation and the mad-
dening aggravation,
And the ditherum-engendering, scorch-
ing conflobustication
Of bike bells!!!

WHAT THE WILD WAVES ARE SAYING.

THAT the lodging-house keepers are on the look out for the weary Londoners and their boxes.

That the sea breezes will attract all the world from the Metropolis to the coast.

That Britons should prefer Ramsgate, Eastbourne, Scarborough, and the like, to Dieppe, Dinard, and Boulogne.

That paterfamilias should remember, when paying the bill, that a two months' letting barely compensates for an empty house during the remainder of the year.

That the shore is a place of recreation for all but the bathing-machine horse.

That the circulating libraries are stocked with superfluous copies of unknown novels waiting to be read.

That, finally, during the excursion season, 'ARRY will have to be tolerated, if not exactly loved.

ON DIT.—Rt. Hon. A. B-LF-R is editing a new edition of SHAKESPEARE. He has already amended one line, which is now to be thus read:

"The course of business never did run smooth."

HISTORICAL (ENGLISH) NOTE ON "FOOD AND FEEDING."—The Tudors, especially "HENRY T" (not Sir HENRY THOMPSON, à propos of "food and feeding"), thoroughly enjoyed stakes and chops.



“THE WANING OF THE HONEYMOON.”

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR Balfour (*to himself*). “WHAT! IS SHE TIRED OF ME ALREADY?”

[An amendment on Clause 24 of Irish Land Bill was carried against Ministers by 99 against 86, on Wednesday, July 22.]



SECOND NATURE.

IT IS THE GREAT AMBITION OF LITTLE JONES (OF BARGAIN AND SALE, THE DRAPEER) TO BE TAKEN FOR AN ARTIST; BUT UNFORTUNATELY HE CANNOT BREAK HIMSELF OF THE HABIT OF PUTTING HIS PENCIL BEHIND HIS EAR!

DARBY JONES ON GOODWOOD.

HONOURED SIR.—Once more I append the lyrical result of my researches into the future. Goodwood needs no bush, as I at once get into my running rhymes.

Here's my principal tip, and I give it with zest,
With ROTHSCHILD'S all sportsmen their cash should invest.
In the Stewards an Ugly look out I can see,
Scratch a Turtar and p'raps you'll find Lady Sophie.
And in one race at least 'tis a pound to a pin
Mr. HARRY McCALMONT has something to win.
And again do not afterwards say 'twas a fluke.
When a nice little stake is picked up by a Duke.

By following my advice, no backer need get left in the Oof-birdless Grove. I need scarcely say that I shall be found on the old familiar spot with the latest cue in hand, and shall look out for my friends during the hour of rest on each day, when I shall supply them with many winning hazards. "The glorious vintage of champagne," I may remind my patrons, is always first favourite with your obedient servant,

DARBY JONES.

P.S.—I have reason to believe, honoured Sir, that certain valuable testimonials, addressed to myself, are now lying at your office. Please forward, carriage paid.

[The only testimonial received here was a thick oak stick, labelled "Please lay this over DARBY JONES'S back." D. J. can therefore call and receive the same under the conditions annexed.—Ed.]

FROM OUR IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (STILL IN PRISON).—Question. Of what fish is the Emperor of Russia most fond? Answer. Czar-dines.

REAL DOG-LATIN.—Cave Canem!

LAST OPERATIC NOTES.

Thursday.—The season draws to a close. Next Tuesday, ere these few lines which end our record shall have appeared, the curtain will have been rung down on the Operatic Season of 1896. A good season if not a great one; a sad one to all who knew and appreciated our one and only DRUICOLANUS OPERATICUS. To his energy the opera for many years has owed its success. He gave us English, Italian, German, French Opera; he was a cosmopolitan revivalist, and to him we owe the very pick of European celebrities on the operatic stage. DRUICOLANUS has shown the way; others may follow, and successfully, in his footsteps.

To-night, *Don Giovanni*, with excellent, though not an ideal, caste. Signor ANCONA is the *Don*, not perhaps all our fancy (and experience) painted: but still, just now it would be difficult to find a better representative of the traditional "wicked nobleman." Madame ALBANI, vocally and dramatically powerful as the unfortunate *Donna Anna* (whom the *Don* ought never to have cast off, as did she not invent the *pommes Anna* which made his table so famous?), gained a grand encore. There were no "floral tributes" offered—at least, "not when I saw it," as *Horatio* says.

Miss (or as in the bills, "Mlle.")—but why "Mlle.," as the young lady is not a Frenchwoman? MARGUERITE MACINTYRE is a fine *Elvira*, physically and vocally; but she represents this unfortunate victim of the lively *Don Juan* as gifted with so keen a sense of the humorous as to prevent her from ever being really angry with her inconstant and undevoted lover. When she sings of her woes there is a "naughty little twinkle in her eye," as of one who still has pleasant memories of a happy past, and who has not altogether renounced the idea of trying her luck again, if only she can secure the volatile *Lothario* all to herself. Far am I from saying that this conception of the character is not the right one: I am inclined to agree with Miss MAGGIE MACINTYRE, on the ground that, probably, she knows best. I decidedly like her reading of this character. She has evidently arrived at it after close study. Only, if this be the character, MAGGIE might have thrown into it a little more action, and have given even greater piquancy to the humorous slyness of the quietly larky, but apparently very proper, *Donna Elvira*.

Tother MARGARET (not "MARGUERITE"), namely MARGARET REID is not *Zerlina*. Signor RINALDINI better than ever as *Masetto*. Signor CREMONINI "quite a nice young man" as *Don Ottavio*; and ARIMONDI a most distinguished personage, whether as the *Commendatore* alive, or as the statuesque ghost. Signor PINI-CORSI, as *Leporello*, is "funny without being vulgar," but his humour does not make me go beyond a "quiet chuckle."

Vive la Compagnie! Bon soir la Compagnie! Et au revoir to Signorini BEVIGNANI, MANCINELLI, and "all the talents" of 1896.

SHAKESPEARE TO A WORTHY COMMON COUNCILLOR.

"Heavens keep old BEDFORD safe!"

Henry the Sixth, Part I., Act III., Sc. 2.

SUMMARY OF LORD ROSBERY'S ADMIRABLE SPEECH ON BURNS.

"For a' that, an' a' that,"

A man's a man for a' that."

and, as the faithful GRIFFITH observed to Queen KATHERINE,

"Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues

We write in water."

So sometimes, when due north, we put a little whiskey in it. But Lord ROSBERY has found the real happy medium through which to view the poet. Will his lordship favour us with some more "where that came from" on BYRON and SHILLER?

To Balbus of Birmingham.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN late laid it down as a law

That the Government cannot make bricks without straw.

Most true! But 'tis worthy of note in that quarter,

That Ministers cannot bind bricks without mortar.

If adhesiveness fails there may be a great fall!

In what lately seemed like a Great Party Wall!

A SINGULAR AND VISIBLE PROOF OF THE QUEEN'S GARDEN PARTY.—One of the horticulturists employed at Buckingham Palace.



FASHIONABLE AND SEASONABLE.

WHERE TO SUP AL FRESCO IN THE HOTTEST WEATHER. THE "WELCOME CLUB."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE was a time in recent history when GEOFF HORNBY was the most important man in Europe. It was in the early days of 1878, when, in command of the British Fleet, he proceeded to the Sea of Marmora with instructions to pass the Dardanelles whether the Turk pleased or didn't, and steam up to Constantinople. The East of Europe was at the time strewn thickly with gunpowder, on which a spark alighting would, as a Member of the House of Commons once said, have let slip the dogs of war. Everything depended on the tact and judgment of the Admiral in command of the British Fleet. It was a serious trial, from which HORNBY came out triumphant. In his "Life," written by his daughter, Mrs. FRED EGERTON, and published by BLACKWOOD, the stirring story is simply told. The veil is lifted from Cabinet Councils, Ministerial vacillations, cold fits succeeding hot, and the other way about. HORNBY was, above all things, a man to be trusted, a sea captain of a type which, never failing in the British Navy, will keep it invincible as in DRAKE's time. Mrs. EGERTON makes no attempt at fine writing. The annals of her father's work are as simple and straightforward as was the life they record.

It occurs to me that *The Vanished Emperor* owes his existence to *The Prisoner of Zenda*. The surmise may be erroneous. I wish, however, that the idea of this romance, entitled *The Vanished Emperor*, published by WARD, LOCK & Co., had occurred to the author of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, instead of to Mr. PERCY ANDREA, who wastes his own and his reader's time on two-thirds of the book. Everything up to chapter twelve might easily have been told in a single chapter, or at most, in a couple. From the twelfth chapter up to the eighteenth and last, the story is told with considerable dramatic power, though marred as is the first part by tedious dialogues and apparently muddled-headed explanations. Well stage-managed, the scene of the Council of Royalties, the surrounding of the palace by the revolutionary mob, and the sudden arrival of the Vanished Emperor, would bring down the curtain on the third act to tumultuous applause.

THE BARON.

LAW AND TIME.—A "watching brief" must have much to do with second-hand information.

BRUNCH V. BLUNCH!

ACCORDING to the *Lady*, to be fashionable nowadays we must "brunch." Truly an excellent portmanteau word, introduced, by the way, last year, by Mr. GUY BERRINGER, in the now defunct *Hunter's Weekly*, and indicating a combined breakfast and lunch. At Oxford, however, two years ago, an important distinction was drawn. The combination-meal, when nearer the usual breakfast hour, is "brunch," and, when nearer luncheon, is "blunch." Please don't forget this.

'Tis the voice of the Bruncher, I heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again!
When the clock says it's twelve, then perhaps I'll revive,
Meanwhile into bed yet once more let me dive!

The last meal I had was about 3 A.M.;
I'm a writer, so please don't such habits condemn!
This cross between supper and breakfast I'll name,
If you'll let me, a 'suckfast'—and 'brupper'—a the same!

Later on, too, a similar mixture I make,
And of 'five o'clock tinner' at seven I partake;
The term's *à propos*, for the fare is tinned meat,
With tea for 'ontray' and lump sugar for sweet.

While the small hours get larger I'm fit as a flea,
The sunrise I'm cheerfully ready to see,
With 'blunch' for to-morrow, and no trains to catch,
I don't need to repose with unseemly despatch.

Beauty sleep is a thing that ne'er troubles my head;
When the cock has done crowing I turn into bed,
Then peacefully dream of the virtues of 'blunch,'
And, on waking, I rise and indite this to *Punch*!"

Lost Telegram to Mafeking.

Wire.—"Finish Railway to Buluwayo."

Reply and inquiry.—"Why?"

Answer per wire.—"To make 'Road-easier'."

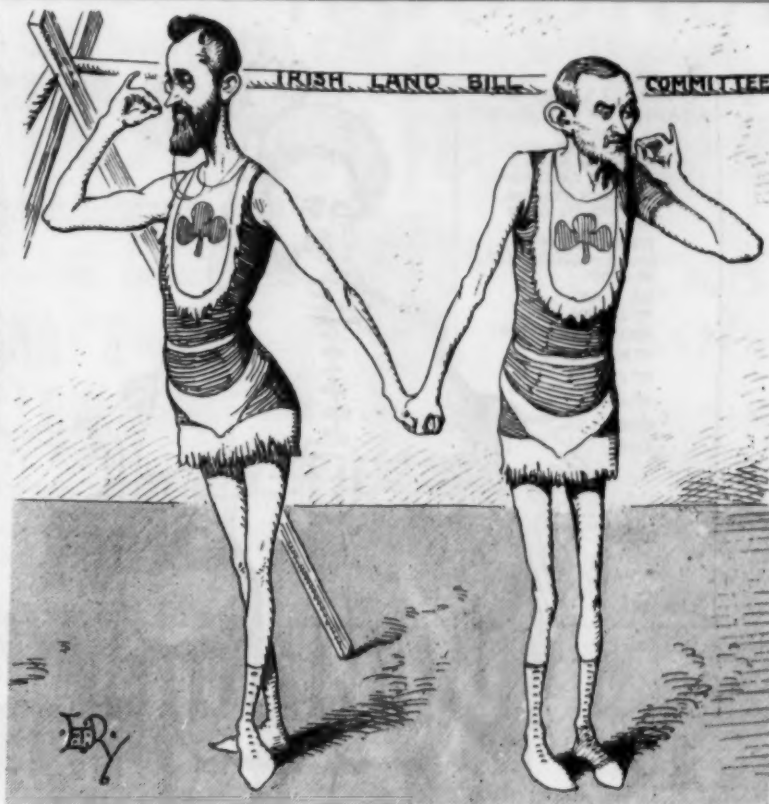
[*.* Suggested by clerk, "If telegram delayed and somehow gone astray, wasn't it probably originally something about making *Raid easier*?"]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 20.—The Thanes fly from PRINCE ARTHUR. He sits on the Treasury Bench with a gallant smile on a worried face; they cluster below the Gangway and "say things." Colonel SAUNDERSON strategically aggravates situation by wearing an aggressive sky-blue scarf. This sheds ghastly pallor over face of CARSON sitting near him. Even makes WARING and SMITH-BARRY look like ghosts of their former selves. With reckless chivalry the Colonel stretches his warlock defiantly across his shapely head. If anyone wants his scalp, and can take it, don't let them say that he placed them at a mean disadvantage by giving them nothing to hold on by.

For years he has fought his countrymen on the Benches opposite. Now the adversary is parted only by the breadth of the Gangway. It is his once-loved but now lost leader PRINCE ARTHUR against whom the sharp point of his well-proven blade is turned. The Colonel, like another warrior (*Major Bagstock* to wit), is tough. But as he stood up to-night, and amid unwonted cheers from Radical throats announced his intention to vote against Government resolution to suspend Twelve o'Clock Rule for rest of Session, his voice faltered. An unwonted sigh trembled in his manly bosom. It is bad enough for CARSON, in the last Parliament PRINCE ARTHUR's prize new Member. But CARSON is a lawyer, accustomed to find himself in divers and occasionally contradictory moods of honest conviction, according to the terms of his brief. SAUNDERSON is a soldier, bred in habits of discipline. For him to mutiny,



The Brothers HEALY make their bow after their marvellous performance in Committee.

and life-long habits. But the call of duty is inexorable.

"I could not love thee, Prince, so much,
Loved I not Honour more."

Thus the Colonel murmurs to himself, gazing with dimmed eyes on LUCASTA, lounging with ill-affected ease on the Treasury Bench. Then, like LUCASTA's lover, he "goes to the wars."

Business done.—Twelve o'Clock Rule suspended for rest of Session.

Tuesday.—TIM HEALY spent thoroughly agreeable night. Irish Land Bill in Committee. TIM, with his back to the wall, fighting the whole lot of them, landlords, Ministers, and Chairman of Committees. Sometimes when things flag he leaves protection of wall and dashes in among them. The crowd close round him; begin to think you'll never see TIM any more; when dust flies up; fragments of CARSON darken the sky; the Irish Attorney-General's coat is split right up the back; GERALD BALFOUR's hair is ruffled over his pallid face. Then TIM steps out of the *mêlée*, breathing a little hard, but otherwise incommode. Puts on his glasses and looks up fresh references from erudite authorities designed to frustrate the landlords' knavish tricks and make them fall.

A marvellous spectacle of indomitable courage, ready resource, perfect mastery of subject. Soon after dinner CARSON threw up sponge. No use moving amendments, he said; clear they wouldn't be accepted. If they were, Ministers went back on their decision. So CARSON stalked forth; but TIM stayed on to end,

apparently as tireless at two o'clock in morning as he was fresh at four in the afternoon.

"I never watch TIM on the warpath," says PRINCE ARTHUR, "without feeling grateful for the present disposition of things. Suppose Irish party united as it was in PARNELL's time, with TIM, having rubbed off some of his angularities of temper, their leader. In such case, even with our majority touching three fifties, Ireland would get pretty much what she wanted. *Divide et impera.* They divide and we rule."

Business done.—Pegging away at Irish Land Bill.

Thursday.—A better fellow than ROBERT THRESHIE REID, commonly called BOB, the House of Commons does not contain. Sorry to hear of his having taken a step that arrests, at full tide, an honourable and prosperous career. All done in a moment of pique, which makes it more remarkable on part of so level-headed a man as ex-Attorney-General. It's SARK tells me about it. Not sure I should believe it on any other authority. All arises out of private Bill which BOB found time to draft, and over whose Parliamentary fortunes he watched with more than paternal solicitude. Got it as far as Committee Stage. Expected it to run through unopposed in last half-hour of Wednesday sitting. When who should turn up and put spoke in wheel but HENRY FOWLER! Had it been TANNER, BOB wouldn't have minded. But a former colleague, an esteemed friend, a man not usually given to vagaries, it's that which



"The Waring of the Green."

to go over bag and baggage to the enemy, is a grievous wrench to inborn instincts

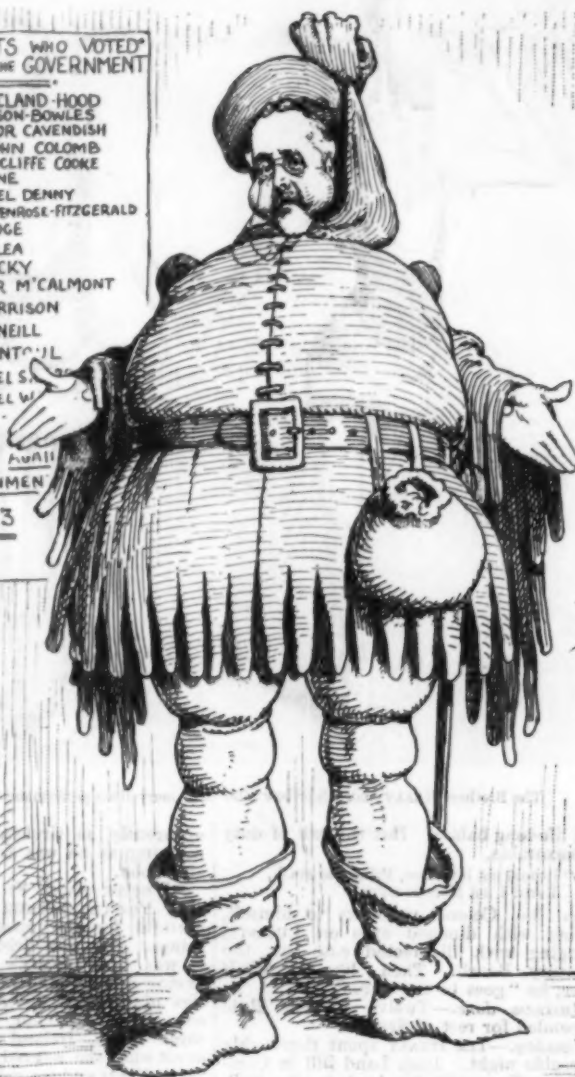
UNIONISTS WHO VOTED
AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT

SIR ACLAUD HOOD
MR GIBSON-BOWLES
MR VICTOR CAVENDISH
SIR JOHN COLOMB
MR RADCLIFFE COOKE
MR DANE
COLONEL DENNY
SIR R. PENROSE-FITZGERALD
MR GEDGE
SIR T. LEA
MR LECKY
MAJOR M'CALMONT
MR MORRISON
MR O'NEILL
MR RENTON
COLONEL S.
COLONEL W.

MAJORITY AGAINST
GOVERNMENT

13

JULY 21st.



Mr. Balfour (disguised as Filatof). "Call you that backing of your friends?"

has suddenly but irrevocably convinced Bon REID that Parliamentary life is no proper sphere for him.

Action with him follows promptly upon decision. A week ago a prominent Member of the House of Commons, a leader at the Bar, he has now quitted the busy scene and settled himself down in dour but dulcet Dumfries. Has taken the Woodbank Hydropathic Establishment, and hopes, by civility and close attention to business, to merit continuance of past favours. Paragraph in all the papers states that his first guest is the ex-Premier. So like Lord ROSEBURY; always ready to help a friend in practical way. Bon is of course new to the hydropathic business. May be expected to be a little awkward at first with the wet pack. Can hardly in a week have mastered all the details of the management of a large

establishment. That will come in time. It's a good send-off to have Lord ROSEBURY. Still it's an odd move, and I hope Bon will not find cause to regret it.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill through Committee.

Friday.—PRINCE ARTHUR rather in low spirits to-night. Things still, on the whole, not going well. Bad enough to be defeated in the division lobby. But to have DON JOSE and ST. MICHAEL dining out and simultaneously setting about to crack him up as heaven-born leader of House of Commons is worse still.

"Call you that backing of your friends?" says PRINCE ARTHUR, looking as like Falstaff as nature will permit. "A plague upon such backing."

One gleam of sunshine is the passing through Committee of Irish Land Bill. At one time seemed hopeless endeavour.

Success largely due, as TIM HEALY graciously acknowledged, to tact and unfailing good temper of brother GERALD. Reflex of this happy state of things over Committee to-night. Irish votes through on stroke of midnight. So all go home; some to bed.

Business done.—Irish Estimates through Committee.

WHAT TO WEAR ON YOUR WEDDING DAY.

(By a Confirmed and Cantankerous Celibate.)

MARRIED in white,
You have hooked him all right.
Married in grey,
He will ne'er get away.
Married in black,
He will wish himself back.
Married in red,
He will wish himself dead.
Married in green,
His true colour is seen.
Married in blue,
He will look it, not you.
Married in pearl,
He the distaff will twirl.
Married in yellow,
Poor fellow! Poor fellow!
Married in brown,
Down, down, derry down.
Married in pink,
To a slave he will sink.
Married in crimson,
He'll dangle your whims on.
Married in buff,
He will soon have enough.
Married in scarlet,
Poor victimised varlet!

Married in violet, purple, or puce,
It doesn't much matter, they all mean—the deuce!

VOICES FROM THE SHADES.

SCENE—The Immortal Grove. PRESENT—The Bards of the Majority.

First Poet. "Take him all in all—"

Second Poet (interrupting). Stay, WILLIAM. Quotation (especially from one's own work) is not permitted.

First Poet. But did you ever see the like? Did you hear his speech?

Second Poet. Yes; it was rather rough upon poor ROBBIE. But there's the danger of anniversaries.

First Poet. But surely such a thing was never done before?

Second Poet. Very probably; but unless he be promptly quashed, it's precious likely to be done again.

First Poet. Poor ALFRED! What a successor!

Second Poet. Poor ROBBIE! What a laudator!

First Poet. Well, pity it is true; but BURNS at least has a new epitaph.

Second Poet. He has! That after the hundred years he has been patronised by ALFRED AUSTIN!

[Scene closes in upon much lamentation and some hilarity.]

IN THE TRAIN.

Would-be Swell (to affable countryman (a perfect stranger) whom he wishes to over-awe). Couldn't leave town before. Had to wait for the royal wedding.

Affable Countryman. Indeed! I suppose the tips are very handsome on such occasions? I hope you did pretty well, Sir.

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